3: Mackenzie M-5 (ca. 1925) 1925
FN17 Ngonde FN17

726 hero stood out, and called the others to rally round him, and a few desperate men would drive back the enemy. And so the battle swayed to and fro, until one chief considered that his men had had enough, and made his submission ; or perhaps the fight was renewed next day when the tired men had rested. But so long as the chief went on blowing his *isiba* (usually a small horn), the battle went on. The great war horn was blown continuously, and the *ililonge*, a bamboo whistle with a penetrating note, made itself heard above the din.

Behind the fighting-line were the old men, one of whom held the *lusero*, a basket with a great selection of powerful medicines, very sacred, and of vital importance. If it was taken by the enemy, it was hoisted up for all to see, and if it was finally held by them, the dynasty to which it originally belonged died out. It was shaken by the old man who held it, and was carried forward or drawn back, according as the enemy retired or advanced. If the chief was an old man he did not enter the battle, but took his place in the rear, praying ; if he was defending his home, he prayed to God and to the spirits ; if he was the aggressor, he left out the prayer to the Deity !

●722 After the men went out to fight, the women sat silent and unwashed in the villages until they returned, carefully avoiding quarrels, which would kill the husbands of the participants. They were stripped quite naked, " to give lightness of foot " in case the enemy forced an entrance. Women were never killed

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in war, for the victors were enriched with the cattle that went to redeem all captured wives or daughters. Nor were they taken as wives by the victors, although there is at least one well-known case where a woman was the sole objective of a war.

The dead might be buried where they fell, or brought home. The return of the host was awaited by the women in silence if the result of the fighting was not known to them. Each wife or mother recognized husband or son among the returning brave, but if one was told that her husband was coming on behind in another company, she knew that he was dead, and that his body was being brought home. If all returned in safety, and that sometimes happened in these far from desperate encounters, the women and girls set up their shrill cry, as exciting to an African as the pibroch to a Scot, and ran alongside, clapping and shouting in joy. The night was given up to feasting. The captured cattle were divided by the chief, lions' shares going to those who distinguished themselves in the fighting. The defeated chief, if he had any cattle left, also gave his men a feast, for they must not be allowed to lose heart over a single failure, and no doubt there was much boasting on both sides. If the sacred *lusero* with its medicines was taken from the enemy, it was put into the house in which the victorious chief kept his *ifingira*, the very powerful medicines by which his authority was (and is) upheld.

Cowards were held in supreme contempt. But a coward is not a man who runs away; all do that as the struggle sways to and fro; a coward is a man who